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<Breaking the Silence>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Five

Excitement was in the air, we planned out what a visit would look like, I hadn't been to the city in years. It would be fun to see the sights, but it would certainly be more fun to hang out with Kara. The work week was busy, I did not have nearly enough time to talk to Kara as I would've liked but we did check in with each other except on the Friday night and Saturday morning. It added to the tension, and I think Kara did that on purpose. Throughout the week she made reference to there being lots of changes and there was a lot more under the surface happening in the city, sort of like an iceberg. She had purposefully not shared any photos with me this week, even after I sent her a few selfies. I found it strange, but I think she might've been self-conscious about her weight gain.

She won't be able to hide it in a few hours...

I thought about it when I was on the plane. The trip would've taken hours in my car, even if I was speeding, the train wasn't much faster, money wasn't an issue, so I just paid for a plane ticket and a rental for when I got there. I hadn't used much of the money from my job, I was just surviving rather than living really. Except for the house and car, I hadn't really gone on holiday, bought any extravagant tech or done any home renovations.

The plane touched down and I was first off, my heart rate was elevated, and I rushed to the rental car place. It might've been childish, but I paid for a top of the range sports car.

I had a nice car back home, why would I not have the same here...

I raced out of the car park and checked the time.

We were meant to meet at 1300...

Glancing at the clock I saw 12:49.

Shit.

The delays on the plane had caught up to me and although I wasn't too far, I did call Kara.

"Hey, sorry, the plane was delayed, and it took longer than I thought, I will probably be fifteen minutes late or so."

"Hey Chris..."

Her words melted me. I was so in a rush to just inform her that I hadn't even realised that this is the first time in 3 years since I heard her voice. The subtle and sensual nature of her voice hadn't really changed, maybe it was exaggerated by her or in my head. It was soft and sweet but there was something underneath that I couldn't place my finger on.

"Hey... Kara... It's nice to hear you..."

"You too. Glad you got here safe; I'll be in the Cafe waiting..."

There was a nervousness to her voice, but I wasn't too focused on that, I was more focused on something else.

It sounds like...

The way her breathing sounded a bit more laboured, like it took effort to speak almost.

She sounded fat...

Was I dreaming, was it wishful thinking, was I being a horny bastard.

"See you soon Kara, can't wait." I said.

"Me too. Don't keep me too long." She added before hanging up, her voice was playful and seductive, I felt a stirring in my pants.

I raced down the roads and found myself in the town centre in record time, things hadn't really changed that much. Some shops were new, some old ones had gone or been refurbished. My wandering eyes were enough distraction for me to calm down from our call. I was very lucky to find a spot right outside her apartment, she had given me the directions, but I was quite surprised that I

remembered it from memory.

I stood out of the car, there were plenty of people eying the car and therefore me. I was in pretty good shape, and I dressed sharp enough, so it was sort of expected, I guess, but I had never really experienced it. I didn't care for it, I only had one person in mind.

Kara.

I turned from her apartment and looked over the road to the big flashy sign. "Caked up". It was a wonderful bakery that made all sorts of treats, served coffee and they were unashamedly unhealthy, not in a carcinogenic way, more "butter is a flavour enhancer" sort of way. I would love going in there to have my fair share of treats but I also loved people watching in there, seeing all the people coming in and eating the oversized portions and getting bloated or even better than that, all the fat women who would come in and buy slices of cake.

I walked across the street and through the door, the bell rang on the door and echoed throughout the relatively crowded cafe. I cast my eyes over to the seating area scanning to see if I could see Kara. There was a dividing half wall with some display shelves blocking vision but through one of the gaps I saw those eyes.

Kara!

I rushed on through and saw she was already sitting in a bench seat.

"Hey!" She said excitedly.

I was about to speak but when I saw her arm lift to wave I could feel the colour drain from my face.

Her arm was huge, much bigger than I was expecting, her bicep was thick. That was the first shock, it also confirmed the stretch marks I had seen prior were real. Her hand waved in the air, and I could see the jiggle of her flesh and I almost lost my footing.

Following the jiggle down her arm led me to her boobs. No longer hidden by the hoodie, they were resting on the table in her low-cut white top.

They were huge.

I was not good with bra sizes, but I would guess she was a C cup three years ago, at a

guess she was a G now, but my sizes could be well off. They spread heavily across the table, succumbing to their own weight, I gasped, audibly.

Kara smirked.

Shit.

She could clearly see where my eyes fell. The giant fat tits spread over the table, the vast cleavage on show, topped with freckles. I never stood a chance.

“I told you... I gained weight...”

My face turned bright red as my cock started to swell.

“Don’t say sorry... I know I look different; you are more than welcome to soak it in...”

Her voice was warm and soothing.

I didn’t know how much I missed her...

“Plus, do you think I am wearing *this* top if I didn’t mind if you looked...”

I sat down, silently lowering myself to be eye level with her, my eyes still almost unable to avoid glances at her huge boobs, my eyes dancing along the deep blue veins that could be seen through her fair skin.

“So... Hi...” her voice commanded my entire attention, yet I felt like I was ensnared in her trap.

“Hi...” I cleared my throat. “Hi.” I repeated, sounding much more confident now. “How are you?”

“Bigger...” She giggled.

“I can see that...” I coughed.

“I’m good... I forgot what this was like...” Her voice trailed off, a sense of something thrilling in her voice.

“What?”

“Being fawned over.” Kara started laying her arms on the table, against her boobs, making her cleavage bulge and threatening to bust out of her top.

I had no words.

“I’ll stop playing... I mean, we came here for some cake right?” She smiled. “Not that I need anymore... Right?” Kara turned her head to the side playfully.

“I...” I was stammering, all my cool moves, all the chill I had, it was gone.

“I’ll order on my phone, what do you want?” Kara was determined not to let me turn into a puddle of mush on the bench.

“Did I see lemon cake when I walked in?”

“Oh my God!” She started swiping, “I forgot they did lemon cake!”

I recoiled from her outburst. This wasn’t the Kara I was used to, a lot had changed in three years, there were two massive changes squashed on the table. I couldn’t help but be in awe at all the changes.

This isn’t the Kara I knew...

“I’ll get lemon... Aaaaand... Coffee...”

She’s better...

“Red velvet too.”

Maybe even perfect.

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